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VOLUME XLIV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1899. NUMBER 16

The papers announce that Max Muller is near the end of his earthly career. The great philologist is in his seventy-sixth year and is honored by more titles than any other man of letters in England. Herbert Spencer, who might have rivaled him in honors, has persistently refused all titles and decrees. Both of them have had profound influence.

Many of our readers will read with pain the notice of the death of Mrs. T. B. Byrnes, Geneseo, Ill., in another column. It reaches us when we were momentarily expecting to see Rev. Mr. Byrnes' face and grasp his hand. He had written us that he was coming to the congress about to assemble at Sinai Temple; that he wanted to be recorded as one believing in its ideals and interested in its work. But he is entertaining a guest himself at this time—one that touched him and his with the sense of a wider union and the fellowship that grows not old and goes not away. We extend to the lonely father, the bereaved little children and the mourning parish and friends our keenest sympathy and tenderest fellowship.

This is the way that the telegraphic dispatches in the Sunday morning papers in Chicago describe the scholarly presence of our university men in the capital of a neighboring state. It is another proof of the enthusiasm for culture which is our boast. Of the sound body there can be no doubt, and it will not do to doubt the soundness of mind, so this is the way we vindicate our academic right to the classic maxim, "Mens sana in corpore sano." "Chicago, two thousand strong in numbers, in spirit and in enthusiasm, has taken possession of the capital city and is parading the public square in the wake of the university's uniformed band. They are beating each other in joy with tin horns, smashing megaphones, saying mean things to the cardinal rooters, collecting money bets in big chunks. * * * Stagg is beside himself in happiness; does not seem to care whether or not he ever gets out of town. Dr. Harper is so happy that he can hardly talk. Pat O'Dea is a fallen hero. He will go back to his home in Australia, to his inheritance of a hundred thousand dollars, with his fame resting upon past glories alone."

Such is culture!!

In our news column of a recent date we announced the work of Professor George Kriehn on "Municipal Art." On a recent Sunday night it was the privilege of the writer to listen to one of these lectures in All Souls Church, Chicago. It was a lecture that appealed both through the eye and the ear, making doubly emphatic the lesson that all real art is in a profound sense municipal. The great artists and the great centers of art were produced, not through individual encouragement or in response to personal munificence, but came into being out of a public sentiment and have been sustained by public patronage. All great achievements, whether in architecture, painting or statuary, were for public places and for the purpose of gratifying the public. It is an easy thing to remember this in regard to Florence and Rome and ancient Athens, but it is a more difficult thing to realize that the conditions are the same now as then and that whenever public sentiment grows coherent and exacting in this direction, there is a response that is surprising, and when it becomes as emphatic as in these historic illustrations, the response may be more surprising. Witness the marvelous achievement of the White City in Chicago, the splendid success of the naval arch and attendant decorations in New York. It shows what we can do when we work together.

Mrs. Henrotin, president of the Consumers' League, is urging with telling logic upon the women of Chicago just now the truth that they "represent the money-spending classes" and that on that account there rests upon them the ever-growing burden of responsibility for the expenditures of the world. A recent number of the "Chicago Tribune" furnishes some startling facts in corroboration of Mrs. Henrotin's first proposition and in enforcement of the second. This article says all of the larger dry goods, jewelry, shoe and fur houses in Chicago have patrons whose monthly accounts average from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars, and that it is only when the bills run up to five thousand dollars a month that these women of "unlimited credit" regard themselves as extravagant. "One of the credit men" of a large department store on State street is quoted as saying: "Some of these women have not the slightest conception of the value of money; they are generally among the newly rich." The article talks of women whose wraps cost from between five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars a piece, and who wear hats costing from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars. And fabulous stories are told by these men of figures about the money spent for laces and "lingerie." In answer to the reporter's question, "What in the world can she do with them?" the dealer replies, "Only vanity in this case, but no one minds, for the woman has plenty of money and it passes away her time to select her purchases and be fitted to the gloves." We would be glad to believe that all this is an exaggeration. To our untrained and uninformed mind, it does seem to us incredible, still there is enough truth to cause Mrs. Henrotin's words to ring in every woman's ears, "You belong to the money-spending sex and are carrying a responsibility that is daily growing."

These are the days when the hunter Nimrod is abroad. That the life of field, stream and forest should contribute to the life of man seems to be established by history, present needs and the high logic of evolu-

tion. That it is possible to so protect this life that it shall become an increasing source of life to man and at the same time increase the joy of living to the animals themselves is also possible. It is said that the quail and deer life in the West is rapidly on the increase, owing to wise game laws and to the partial enforcement of the same. If this is so the ethics of eating this flesh is the same as that which is involved in eating the barnyard fowl or the product of the pasture. But quite beyond this and independent of this logic there can be nothing but unwarranted condemnation of that wanton love of sport that seems to find its most rampant exercise by the wild King of Prussia and his court. William III is said to have recently succeeded in killing five hundred pheasants in a few hours, and thus merited the title of "a game hog" from the law-abiding hunters. But he is not alone. A daily paper recently gives an account of game bands in the state of Illinois, a hundred strong, dividing themselves into competitive parties, parting at morning, to meet at night to count up their booty and determine the victors. In the invoice a robin counts two points, a meadow lark three and rarer birds still higher. Still sadder than this is the account of the visit of a flock of the rare white-winged crossbills this year to the vicinity of Chicago. They came from the frozen North. Christian legend attributes their crossbill to the fact that their fore-elders tried to pull out the cruel nails from the cross, and that ever since they have been white winged. A South Chicago boy is said to have killed twenty-one of these rare birds in two hours. A Chicago man is reported to have killed two hundred "old squaws," a beautiful, long-tailed duck, rare and unedible, but he hired an express wagon to show his valor in killing the beautiful birds, whose carcasses only increased the garbage problem. In this story of slaughter the woman murderer of birds may find some poor sense of companionship in the item that says that the "bearskin hats," the favorite headgear of some of Her Majesty's regiments, cost the British war department forty dollars apiece, and they can be made only out of the pelts of the black American bear, and the great forests of British America are being persistently traversed in search of this becoming hat to "Tommy Atkins."

The indirect harvesting of the fell war sowing begins to become apparent to the careful reader of the current papers. An English school, having been entertained by the stories of war which the master was reading to them, has recently massed its pennies and bought a silver watch and chain, to be sent to young Shurlock, the valiant bugler, for his achievement in killing three Boers with his own hand. Is this the way England makes young patriots? In view of the ghastly reports from recent battlefields and the daily agony that surges around the war office in London, there seems to be something sinister in the pleasantry that leads Queen Victoria to send her "little personal present" to the seventy thousand soldiers in South Africa, in the shape of a Christmas present of a half-pound box of chocolates. The box is to be stamped with the Queen's monogram and profile, and the words "South Africa, 1900." In order to be sure there is enough to go around, the generous queen has ordered ninety thousand boxes. Alas for the several thousand who will be beyond the reach of the chocolate boxes even of the Queen of a great British empire. Surely there must be many of her subjects who sympathize with the open letter written by one of her subjects, John Page Hopps, in his little monthly, "The Coming Day." This minister of religion, while thanking her for having given England a respite from the blackguards and bullies that have sometimes sat upon its throne, reminds her that she has not saved them from "the ugliest heritage of evil that has come to us from the past—the war spirit, the lust of power backed up by vulgar arrogance, which so cruelly hides our intrinsic merits from the world." Mr. Hopps proceeds to remind her that her Jubilee indicated that she took more anxious interest in her soldiers than in any other class; that they alone seemed to command "unceasing encouragement from her." This amounts to a public peril. "The colossal brandishing of weapons and the display of fighting men," he tells her, "has culminated in a conspiracy which aims at the destruction of two republic in South Africa." He reminds her "that a rush of grasping and turbulent speculators, with enormous wealth at their command, and apparently few scruples in the expenditure of the same," brought about this assault upon the Transvaal government. He recalls the ostentatious patronage of Cecil Rhodes, the head conspirator, by the Prince of Wales. The final paragraph of the letter has application wider than to the kind-hearted old lady at Windsor. Let others in power who have "let loose the dogs of war and are glorying in slaughter" read and heed.

The New Missionary Cause.

It is not for us to anticipate either the spirit or the action of the congress that is to convene this week in Chicago, reports of which must be deferred to next week. But at this writing, on the eve of the gathering, there is gratifying evidence by mail, in the public press and elsewhere, that the congress call finds a response in hearts and districts little affected at the organization of the congress five and a half years ago. There is evidence on every hand that a new missionary propaganda is near at hand. From Wisconsin and Iowa have come the requests from so-called orthodox churches and ministers, "Help us to similar meetings." From many sources there come signs that the public are waiting to respond to an invitation that will call them together in the opera houses and theaters of our towns to listen to the discussion of such spiritual themes as unite communities and emphasize the ethical demands of to-day. In Chicago last Sunday there was a rally in one of the churches in the interest of the Consumers' League, where church distinctions were gladly ignored and the sense of the common responsibility and the civic obligations was recognized and enforced.

We believe that Doctor Heber Newton is right when he says that we are on the eve of a new crusade. In a letter in "The Social Reform Union," heretofore

published in California, but soon to be transferred to Chicago, he says:

"And I increasingly feel that the times are ripe for a tremendous moral and spiritual upheaval, which will of itself do more than all else in the way of crystallizing better outward conditions, legislation and what not. I am perhaps somewhat mystic in this matter, but I am profoundly persuaded that the times are ripening for a new spiritual movement—a movement from within, from out the depths of the soul—and that the shortest cut to the Promised Land that we are making for will be as this new flood-tide breaks through all the present environment of custom and legislation and floods us into better conditions. Every political and economic reform is so limited and so hedged round with difficulties and so uncertain as to back-acting influences—while, if only we can stir the conscience and the heart and the soul, everything will be easy. Wycliffe's Poor Preachers and the Lollards and all such movements, while they were heartily reformatory, were far more ethical and spiritual, social in the true sense, than political and economic."

However far the intensity of Doctor Herron may carry him from the available and the practical, there is a multitude ready to agree with him that the demands of the times are to "learn the secret of association in liberty." Free thought, scholarship, science, ethics, have been on the defensive long enough in the presence of altars. They themselves are about to become missionaries, and their propaganda will lead in kindness and love, seeking not to change the theologies of people, but to vitalize their religion, content with the demands upon any theology to show cause for its being, to justify its claim by action. This will be a propaganda that will find response in thousands of hearts, and we believe a support that will exceed the most sanguine expectation and be worthy a place in the line of the ages of faith. The religious revolutions of the past were weak and transitory compared with the movement that is daily gaining strength in the religious evolution of the present.

Honest Money!

The honest dollar!
A good motto that to catch the unwary,
But misapplied to any idol, gold or silver;
A watchword destined, perhaps, some day to adorn another standard,
When men have at last delved down to the deeper issue—
The honest dollar—
The dollar earned by useful, glad, equivalent, honored labor,
Pitted against the shame-faced dollar—
The dollar begged, borrowed, extorted or stolen.

Ernest H. Crosby, in the Assayer.

Mr. Jones' "Jess, Bits of Wayside Gospel," has gone to its second edition. The Appletons announce "A History of American Privateers," by Edgar Stanton Maclay.

There is a strong probability that we shall shortly see a uniform edition of Mr. James Lane Allen's works. We are informed that the Macmillan Company have secured the publishing rights of those of Mr. Allen's books which have hitherto been published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. This gives them the control of the whole of Mr. Allen's works issued up to the present, and makes possible a uniform edition, for which the desire has so often been expressed.

Good Poetry.

The Frogs.

Breathers of wisdom won without a quest,
  Quaint, uncouth dreamers, voices high and strange,
  Flutist of lands, where beauty hath no change,
And wintry grief is a forgotten guest;
Sweet murmurers of everlasting rest,
  For whom glad days have ever yet to run,
  And moments are as æons, and the sun
But ever half-way sunken toward the west.

Often to me who heard you in your day,
  With close-wrapped ears, it could not choose but seem
That earth, our mother, searching in what way
  Men's hearts might know her spirit's inmost dream,
Ever at rest beneath life's change and stir,
Made you her soul, and bade you pipe for her.

In those mute days, when spring was in her glee,
  And hope was strong, we know not why or how,
  And earth, the mother, dreamed with brooding brow,
Musing on life, and what the hours might be
  When love should ripen to maternity,
Then, like high flutes in silvery interchange,
Ye piped with voices still and sweet and strange,
  And ever as ye piped, on every tree

The great buds swelled; among the pensive woods
  The spirits of first flowers awoke, and flung
From buried faces the close-fitting hoods,
  And listened to your piping till they fell;
  The frail spring beauty, with her perfumed bell,
  The wind flower, and the spotted adder tongue.

All the day long, wherever pools might be,
  Among the golden meadows, where the air
  Stood in a dream, as if were moored there
Forever in a noontide reverie;
Or where the birds made riot of their glee
  In the still woods, and the hot sun shone down,
  Crossed with warm shadows, on the brown
Leaf-paven pools, that bubbled dreamily;

Or far away in whispering river meads
  And watery marshes, where the brooding noon,
  Full with the wonder of its own sweet boon,
Nestled and slept among the noiseless reeds,
  Ye sat and murmured motionless as they
  With eyes that dreamed beyond the night and day.

And when day passed, and over heaven's height,
  Thin with the many stars, and cool with dew,
  The fingers of the deep hours slowly drew
The wonder of the ever-heating night,
No grief or loneliness, or wrapped delight,
  Or weight of silence, ever brought to you
  Slumber or rest; only your voices grew
More high and solemn. Slowly with hushed flight

Ye saw the echoing hours go by, long drawn,
  Nor ever stirred, watching with fathomless eyes,
  And with your countless clear antiphonies
Filling the earth and heaven, even till dawn,
  Hast risen, found you with its first pale gleam,
  Still with soft throats unaltered in your dream.

And slowly, as we heard you day by day,
  The stillness of enchanted reveries
  Bound brain and spirit and half-closed eyes
In some divine sweet wonder dream astray;
To us no sorrow or upreared dismay,
  Nor any discord came; but ever more,
  The voices of mankind, the outer roar,
Grew strange and murmurous, faint and far away;

Morning and noon and midnight exquisitely,
  Wrapped with your voices, this alone we knew,
Cities might change and fall, and men might die,
  Secure were we, content to dream with you,
That change and pain are shadows faint and fleet,
And dreams are real, and life is only sweet.

—Archibald Lampman.

The Pulpit.

Kipling the Imperialist.

The literary genius either interprets his age or impresses upon it the characteristics of his own thought. Especially is this true of the great novelists, who speak for their time as no other class of writers, and who often lead it captive with their genius. They are not usually moralists or religious teachers, but how men live, what they believe in, and what are their leading ideals, the novelists make known to us. As the writers of novels are more largely read and more sympathetically than any others, it is to be assumed that they will impress upon the life of the time their own convictions and their standards of conduct. To know what is thus being taught, and to realize what the age is giving expression to in its most popular literary works, certainly ought to interest us, and perhaps it may instruct.

Undoubtedly the most popular English writer of the present time is Rudyard Kipling. His praise is heard on every side, and his admirers speak of him with the greatest enthusiasm. The young are delighted with him, he has a special charm for them, and this hour he leads them all captive. He is held up to us as a master of literary expression, and as having a charm no other writer possesses. In our universities the youthful instructors and professors cite him as a literary model, and they proclaim that his is the perfection of literary style. His interpretation of life is accepted as the true one, and he is quoted with confidence as a noble teacher of religion. These claims are great, but they are frequently and persistently made.

Kipling is the least literary of all the writers of our time, the least affected by standards of culture and by the conventionalities of society. The traditions of the past do not rest upon him with any weight or impose restrictions upon his literary art. He is not only original, but he is thoroughly human in the sense of thinking and acting, as do the mass of men. He is emphatically the interpreter of the world as men see it and as men make use of it, speaking always for the "maleness" that is in human life. He does not speak for all men, it is true, but for the most athletic, those who love the companionship of the dog and the horse; those who have the rod or the gun in hand during every hour of leisure, those who delight to contend with the fierceness of beasts, the prowess of men or the wildness of nature. Few writers have more completely entered into the lives of men as the males of the human race, or interpreted more sympathetically their motives and their conduct. He has rarely depicted a true woman of any class, and he seldom introduces any but the lowest and most degraded into his books. He rarely shows anything of the tenderness and sympathy or the other emotional qualities that would enable him to depict women as he does men.

Manly force and heroism Kipling has depicted with consummate skill. He describes the soldier and the sailor with the greatest enthusiasm, and every kind of wild life has a charm for him. He is familiar with the adventurers of the world, the pioneers and discoverers, the rough toilers, the men who undertake desperate tasks and carry them through with courage and skill. Everywhere in his books is heard the battle-cry of men who make war on their kind, and almost as often we hear of the deeds of men who lead women astray. At least one-third of his poems have an oath in them, and one does not always answer the purpose. What is coarse, vulgar and brutal is the very substance of his books.

It is not enough to say that Kipling is original and that he deals with life at first hand, on its rougher and more adventurous side; but he has great powers of imagination, a strong and virile creative force is his, and in some of his writings the hand of a master is displayed, a master of almost the first order. The claims of his more urgent admirers, that he is the greatest of novelists, and that he is entitled to stand by Shakespeare's side, cannot be allowed; but his brilliant, unique and rapid advance as an author indicates qualities of a very high order.

When we search out Kipling's spiritual quality we find that it is power; that what he believes in is force; that the strong man is his admiration. He never sings of liberty; the word freedom does not occur in his books. He does not speak for the oppressed, but he glorifies the power of the oppressor. For weak men he has no pity; for conquered men he has no charity. In his books the democratic ideal has never a word of approval, for his belief in force and power makes him an aristocrat, an upholder of monarchy, an admirer of the autocrat. In his morality such virtues as charity, sympathy, magnanimity and toleration are weak and enfeebling; but he rests his moral convictions upon power, heroic self-will, bravery and unflinching courage. The man who defends a comrade, who leads a forlorn hope, who meets the tiger face to face, is the ideal man, the man of moral worth.

It would seem that such a man as Kipling would not care for religion, and he does not care for it in the conventional sense; but it often presents itself in his books. His is not the gospel religion—the religion of tenderness, pity and love. The spirit of forgiveness breathes itself out on none of his pages. His deity is "Jehovah of the thunders, Lord God of battles," the God of a savage and primitive age, when men everywhere did battle with each other. The man who declares that

> "There is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
> When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth"

is not one to proclaim a God whose affection is infinite. His creed is

> "Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience."

One of his characters describes himself as desiring to preach religion—

> "An' turned my cheek to the smiter exactly as Scripture says;
> But following that, I knocked him down an' led him up to Grace."

When men have sinned every sin, when they have asserted their will over other men in every crime, when they have lived a bold, bad life of relentless hate and lust, when they have gone through all the earth doing as they willed, then they turn to the God of power and dominion in whom they believe.

> "High lust and froward bearing,
> Proud heart, rebellious brow—
> Deaf ear and soul uncaring,
> We seek Thy mercy now;
> The sinner that forswore Thee,
> The fool that passed Thee by,
> Our times are known before Thee—
> Lord, grant us strength to die!"

It is this religion of barbarism, of the earlier parts of the Old Testament, of autocratic will and divine sovereignty, and of force guided by fear, that finds utterance repeatedly in Kipling's books, and especially in his poems.

No one can make of power the chief social force that is at work among men without shaping in accordance with it every phase of the life of man when he undertakes to give it interpretation in poem and novel. The men who fight, conquer and hold dominion are the men to whom Kipling gives his appreciation and his praise. He sees in the man who rules with a strong arm the true leader of mankind. Kindly men he does not admire; men of charity and loving

sympathy he passes by with indifference or contempt. He bows always in the presence of authority and of the domineering will. His social faith is in the strong man and the powerful nation. It is right that the weak should be exploited and put into subjection. For this reason Kipling is the poet of imperialism, and of the rule of the great nations over the lesser nations.

There is much to praise, however, in Kipling's cosmopolitan spirit, for in his books he looks abroad over the whole world. Born in India, educated in England, finding a wife and home in the United States, he has sojourned in South Africa and Japan, and the same world-wide interest appears in his writings. He is at home upon every sea, and many races join in the procession of his characters. It must be said, however, that while Kipling is not the poet of England in our time, he nowhere sings the song of universal humanity. He is the poet of the British empire and of the Anglo-Saxon race. The one supreme subject with which he deals is the world-wide dominion of the English people and the growth of the imperial spirit within the British empire. It is not the English in their own home land of England, the subject of many a noble poem by the great English poets, but the race spread abroad through many lands and ruling over many peoples, that compels the muse of Kipling to its highest expression. He finds in the British empire the consummate type of human development, and in the rule of the Anglo-Saxon race he presents the chief agent of civilization at the present time.

In the duty of the strong to exploit the weak we find the chief social motive of Kipling's books. When he sings of "The White Man's Burden" it is not his own personal voice alone that we hear, but he has caught the keynote of the imperial utterance in all lands. Whether it is England or Germany, or Russia or the United States that reaches out for dominion over weaker races in the interest of commercial enterprise, Kipling voices the claim that is made as justifying this subjection and dominion. It is the duty of the white man to conquer the brown man and the black, that he may be civilized—and that his trade may be secured.

> "Take up the White Man's Burden;
> Send forth the best ye breed;—
> Go, bind your sons to exile
> To serve your captive's need;
> To wait in heavy harness
> On fluttered folk and wild—
> Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
> Half devil and half child."

It is the same note that is struck in the "Recessional," a poem that has been widely praised, and that has met with an almost universal response. It is not the England of culture, progress, refinement and peace that utters itself through this poem, but the England that has conquered India and subjected its many races; that rules with an iron hand over Egypt; that stands even now in battle array in South Africa; that has the most powerful navy the world has known; that has fought fiercely on every continent and in most countries—the England on whose dominion the sun never sets. Every utterance of the "Recessional" is that of a nation ready for war at any moment; that does not desire war because its interests are those of trade, but that will not hesitate to assert its power when the need may come. It is a prayer of repentance, but for what is weak and not for what is strong. If an old Bible phrase of humility and contrition is used, it is by a man sword in hand, and not by one who has beaten his cannon into plough-shares. The God addressed is

> "Lord of our far-flung battle line,"

the "Lord God of Hosts" and "Judge of the Nations." Not one hint does this poem give that love and peace are desired; that repentance has brought the meekness that submits for the sake of good-will among the nations. It is a cry to the God of Power, that will punish with avenging might who submits not to his will, and who desires only the humility of subjection.

> "God of our fathers, known of old,
> Lord of our far-flung battle line,
> Beneath whose awful hand we hold
> Dominion over palm and pine,—
> Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
> Lest we forget—lest we forget."

It would seem that the last stanza indicates another mood than this opening one, that there is a gradual advance from the attitude of a warrior calling upon his "Lord God of Battles" to that of a truly repentant soul seeking for deliverance from every "frantic boast and foolish word." Nowhere in the poem, however, is there a sign of faith in other than the "Lord God of Hosts," the grim and merciless Jehovah of the early Hebrew warriors. The very atmosphere of the poem is that of the damnatory Psalms; the environment is that of a Charlemagne or a Napoleon leading his armies to continental conquests. It is impossible to imagine this prayer uttered by the one who said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." It is the old Hebrew, standing face to face with the Philistine, who cries to his God in a fashion like this—

> "For heathen heart that puts her trust
> In reeking tube and iron shard—
> All valiant dust that builds on dust,
> And guarding, calls not Thee to guard;
> For frantic boast and foolish word,
> Thy Mercy on Thy people, Lord!"

Kipling is the prophet of imperialism, the apostle of subjection and dominion. He preaches to us of America that it is our duty to conquer the wild folk of other lands with "reeking tube and iron shard," that because they are childish and sullen we are to put them to tuition with the bayonet and to teach them civilization with our armies. If we wish to know why there has been such an outburst of imperialism in this country during the last year, we shall find the cause in the popularity of Kipling. Rather should we say, that his is the voice that has given literary expression to our lust for dominion, and that the real cause lies in our demand for a wider market. In order to trade with the savage and barbarous races we will conquer them, and we will not only subdue them with our armies, but we will exploit them with our merchants.

When we took up the cause of Cuba it seemed justified by a wide-reaching humanitarian impulse, by the demand that a neighboring people should have the same liberty as our own. It cannot be in the name of liberty, however, that we are now engaged in the task of conquering the Filipinos, and only the imperialist ambition can explain what we there have undertaken. Shame rests upon us that we are trying to subdue a people that asks for freedom, that a nation whose very heart-beat is liberty should attempt to subject an uncongenial and unknown race. Many are questioning if we have forgotten our birthright, if freedom has ceased to be our watchword, if we no longer care to be the refuge and hope of the oppressed peoples. Have we joined the oppressors to conquer and to subjugate the weaker peoples of the world, to extend our dominions far into other continents, from the greed of territory and the eagerness for trade? If such is the task upon which we have entered, we may be sure that the most radical changes will come to pass in our own national life. We cannot hold subject to our rule peoples in other parts of the world and keep our own political life so pure as it even now is, with our corruption of cities and our greed of party rule.

In the books of Kipling there is nowhere the slightest expression of the gospel spirit, no intimation that peace and good-will should bind together the nations, no intimation that he has ever been stirred by Tennyson's ideal of

"The parliament of Man, the Federation of the world."

When the Tsar called for a congress of the nations, that something might be done to lighten the immense burden that war places upon the workers of the world, Kipling sneered at it as Russian treachery. Not one hint has he given of belief in arbitration or of the peaceful co-operation of the nations. He represents the spirit that has brought the great nations to the extreme of preparation for war; that places all Europe in an attitude of fearful waiting for the time when a fierce conflict will wage throughout the continent; that at this moment oppresses every civilized people with the immense burden that is caused by military equipment. Even our own nation has been dragged into this awful temper of war preparation, that some possible danger of the future may be avoided. Without an army and a navy we have prospered for more than a century; but now the fierce war spirit has overcome us and the lust of conquest has mastered our sense of justice and of right. Not yet mastered wholly, we may be sure, and there is coming a day of retribution for those who have called us to this base treachery to ourselves.

All the more may we dread such an influence as that which Kipling represents, because there is possible a true apostleship of nations. What any nation has that is good belongs not only to itself, but it is of right a part of the world's endowment. Our own ideal of freedom for all, of help and comfort for those oppressed, has been the right one, but it has been maintained in a narrow spirit, as if no help could be given but within our own borders. The "Monroe doctrine" has been interpreted in a provincial manner, as if we had no part in the affairs of other peoples, as if we should shut ourselves within our own territory. The day has gone by when such an attitude can be maintained. We belong to mankind as well as to America and nothing that is human can be alien to our sympathies. Far across the whole world must our interests pass, and we cannot look unmoved upon the oppression of any people. Shall not our sympathies go forth to all who sit in darkness, to all who need liberty, to all who can be lifted up by culture and civilization? Not to subdue, however, not to drive into goodness with the sword, not to thrust into freedom with the bayonet. God forbid that liberty should be preached to any people with the booming of our cannon. Let it not be for us to bring to any of the benighted the Bible in one hand and a sword in the other. How dare we conquer even the heathen of the islands that we may be "good Samaritans" to them when they have been subdued!

When we look upon the war equipment of the Christian nations; when we hear the rumors of war that come from their actions in every part of the world, we pause to marvel at the feeble way in which the spirit of Christ has influenced them. They take his name upon their lips, but his love has never entered their hearts. They proclaim what they call his creed, but what he really taught they set at defiance on every hand. His peace and good-will for the nations they disregard as if they had never heard his name. At this moment they are more heathen than the fiercest of the heathen they denounce, and every pagan race can show them the meaning of the gospel of peace.

But there is needed an apostleship of nations, a leadership of the strong in the ways of peace and the goodly arts of civilization. Steam and electricity have brought the nations near each other; trade must soon make them as if they were one people. The remotest nation has its interests linked to-day with the most powerful; the greatest cannot neglect, except to its own hurt, the needs of even the feeblest. The prosperity of the world, the cause of justice throughout the nations, requires that for trade, and for fellowship in all international interests, national exclusiveness shall cease to exist. It is to its own danger that the powerful nation exploits the weaker for its own advantage only. No excuse can be great enough for conquering a people in order that its trade may be controlled in behalf of the conquerer.

We must think that a new day is dawning when the nations sit together in a peace congress, and when they all agree that war is too great a burden. Even if trade is a more powerful influence in their deliberations than the sentiment of humanity, we will rejoice that even trade is powerful enough to conquer the fierce hate and the cruel extremity that war creates. We may not be too sanguine, however, that the full day of civilization is yet dawning, for when all our youth are eagerly reading the books of an author whose every word is an apotheosis of force, war and dominion, we cannot but pause to query what the future will bring forth. He tells us that strength is the supreme virtue, that vigor of body is the great excellence, that strife with other men to our own advantage is the splendid purpose for which we live. The merit of Kipling is that he shows us in emphatic form what imperialism means, what war leads to in its moral results. He shows us the degradation of those who conquer, the moral perversity of those whose dominion is based on power. He holds up to us, with the master skill of genius, the evils that follow upon the exploitation of the weak. In view of these evils it is our duty to oppose to the utmost the spirit of conquest on the part of our own nation. Liberty must still be its own justification, and it cannot be arrived at by the means of conquest. By the way of freedom only can freedom maintain itself.

GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

The Sunday School.

A Course of Study in the Non-Biblical Jewish Writings.

NOTES FROM THE MOTHERS' NORMAL CLASS OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.

Prepared by E. H. W.

VIII.

THE FIRST BOOK OF MACCABEES.

MEMORY TEXT:

He sought the good of his nation.—xiv:4.

The lesson of the Maccabees is interesting and safe. The first book contains rather a reliable piece of history, considering how far we are away from the courts of record.

There are five books of the Maccabees extant, in part or in whole, four of which are considered more or less canonical. The first two books hold an undisputed place in the Septuagint and the Vulgate, and are found in our Protestant Apocrypha. The third and fourth books are given less solid standing in the confidence of Bible-makers and historians, and there is a fifth book, which seems to be rather an outcast all around. The text is an Ethiopic one and does not carry much weight among scholars. These books have no relation to each other, except that they are grouped under one name and treat in a general way of the same historic period. They were written at different times by different persons, who differed greatly in accuracy and powers of narration. The only book that commands much historical confidence is the first one, which is characterized by one writer as "entirely natural." It has no miracles, no angels, and no stories that are very much beyond the realm of probabilities.

The main narrative may be easily extracted from the book itself. It is a straight story and particularly available for boys, for it is a very bloody story. It deals with the heroic age of the modern Jewish peo-

ple, and we may look in vain for a continuous account of such concentrated and coherent patriotism anywhere else in the history of the Jews from Saul down, as we have here in this narrative of the last half of the second century B. C.

The heroes of this story were Mattathias and his five sons, who led what was, for the time being, a successful revolt against the Syrian ruler, Antiochus Epiphanes, the most brutal, arrogant and insolent invader that ever thrust his prods into the sides of the Hebrew nation. When Assyria, Babylon and Egypt devastated Judea, it was because the little country happened to be in their way; it was only an incident in their cruelty. But Antiochus Epiphanes went with malice aforethought to wipe out the Jewish religion. He started out with the mad purpose of using military authority to compel a unity of faith and religious thought, patterned after the Greek ideals, which by this time had become immensely lowered and degraded. He would seem to have been Greek in his tastes and ambitions in the superficial way in which some Americans want to be English to-day; not copying the England of Milton, Newton, Tennyson and Browning, but the "England, don't you know?" of the silly and empty-pated.

Mattathias was a John Brown patriot who dared defy the authorities and risk his life in a rebellion against the tyranny of Antiochus "Epiphanes," as he called himself, Antiochus "Epimanes," the crazy, as he was called by others. Mattathias had long suffered in silence the oppression of his countrymen and the insolence of the Syrian. One day he saw a Jew going through foreign mummeries before the Greek altar in Jerusalem. Driven beyond endurance he smote the apostate to the earth, crying "there is an end of it," and his sons, John, Simon, Judas, Eleazar and Jonathan rallied around him. When the old man died he sagaciously bequeathed the leadership to Judas, the third son, independently of the law of primogeniture; after the death of Judas the command fell to Jonathan. Jonathan was succeeded by Simon and Simon by his son, John Hyrcanus. The name Maccabæus, given to Judas, is generally interpreted as meaning "the Hammer," like the surname of Charles Martel. But this explanation is too simple to satisfy the priestly element among the Jews. We are told in the Talmud that the word was formed from the first letters of the words of a phrase on his banner, and again that it was made up of the last letters of the names Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, by supplying the vowels. This is a kind of literary hocus-pocus that priests and preachers too often like. It is certainly safe to tell the children that the entire line were called Maccabees from the leader, Judas Maccabæus.

Judas Maccabæus seems to have been one of the great captains of the world. He not only had the military genius which inspired confidence in his followers, but he was a master of strategy, handling a small army successfully against a big invading army. There is an account of an embassy sent once or twice to Rome to negotiate for help, and it would seem that for a little time the Romans took sides with this local movement for independence and promised aid. One evidence of the date of this writer is his perfect faith in the Romans. This confidence did not last long with the Jews, for when they came to know Rome better they trusted her less and had less occasion to love her.

The writer of this book was unquestionably a patriot. He must also have been a layman, for we find little priestly matter in the book. He had little concern for forms, but held hard to the essential rights of the Jew to worship in his own way. He had a particular indignation against the ethical and moral abominations of the power that was tyrannizing over him. The challenge is the challenge of John Brown, the appeal is to the God of justice, to the realities, the integrities of the universe. It is the old story of Cromwell's praying band against the rioting cavaliers. It is good to go into battle singing hymns. There is a mighty military power in enthusiasm, conviction, sincerity. The army of Antiochus was gathered by money, taxation and compulsion. It was a liberty war about forty years long, in which a little people who had been browbeaten and bulldozed succeeded in rising into independence of the mighty forces gathered to the north, south and east, and it was done by pure patriotic leadership in the interest of the right. We shall look a long way through history before we find another bit of heroism like this in the story of the Maccabees.

The Study Table.

Three New Books.

*Dr. Bradford sends forth this little book to all old bachelors, old maids, disappointed lovers, widows and widowers, bereaved parents, mourning friends, those whose limitations deprive them of elevating friendships, and those whose talent and genius set them on lonely and inaccessible pinnacles. It is a somewhat incongruous company. To all of these, however, he conveys advice and aims to bring comfort and help. He advises those who would learn to live alone to cultivate relations with others, and many others. After giving this paradoxical advice he urges the lonely to read, but not promiscuously. They should avoid psychological novels, depressing books, and all writings by avowed pessimists. The Bible is good, but parts of it should be eschewed. "A large library is not needed. If one has a translation of Homer, a New Testament, a copy of Tennyson, of Whittier, a volume of Bishop Brooks' sermons or of Frederick W. Robertson's and Beecher's 'Star Papers,' he need never lack for congenial companions; and if to these he should also be able to add even the few other books which I have mentioned in this chapter, he would have congenial fellowship for every hour and in every need." From this pleasant reading and from meditation "on God and his will," the lonely will acquire the renewed mind and the broadened life. Though somewhat depressing to healthy readers, Dr. Bradford's book, which is thoroughly earnest, will no doubt help some of those for whom it is written.

**Few monarchs of any time have had so romantic a career as Ludwig II. The author of the book before us sketches the romantic features of this sad and interesting life charmingly. She does not try to write a history of Bavaria or even a detailed biography of the monarch; she simply aims to present those matters which made him at once beloved, pitied and feared by his people. Ludwig II was a strange being, even from childhood. Our author disapproves the saying, "The boy is father to the man," but really emphasizes its truth. No one can read her preliminary chapter on the heredity of Ludwig, or follow out the career of collateral members of the royal family without feeling that the unhappy monarch was marked from infancy. Attributing much of Ludwig's unhappy life to his somber childhood, and his dreaming in the old castle over the stories of the past, our author forgets that this dreaming was probably not causal, but symptomatic. When but eighteen years of age Ludwig was called to the responsibilities of the government by his father's death. He had really had no training and no comprehension of his duties. Himself an idealist, with grand notions of royalty, with no conception of the value of money, with no one among his councillors

*"The Art of Living Alone." By Amory H. Bradford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1899. 16mo, pp. 127. 50 cents.

**"The Romance of Ludwig II of Bavaria." By Frances Gerard. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. London: Hutchinson & Co., 1899. 16mo, pp. L:302, with illustrations. $3.50.

who could understand and direct his strange personality, he was in a most unfortunate position. We may not trace the story in detail. Frances Gerard does that for us; the patronage of Richard Wagner, the encouragement of the drama, the erection of beautiful palaces, the dislike of governmental duty, all these are described in detail. The story is most interesting and illustrates the progress of a gentle soul, step by step, toward insanity. Neglect of state affairs, wild infatuation for the wicked rulers of the past—Louis XIV and Louis XVI—and for Marie Antoinette, growing dread of being seen by others, holding of theatrical representations for himself alone, wild midnight drives, extravagance in building lovely but useless palaces in remote places—are among the evidences of eccentricity developing into madness. Then came the closing incidents in the sad drama; the chafing of the king under the check placed upon his building mania; his refusal to transact public business; the inquiry into his sanity; his dethronement and forced seclusion; his suicide. The author has a woman's keen sympathy with the sufferer. Though forced to tell the story, she closes her eyes to what is clear and even to the end doubts the king's madness. But her sympathy and doubt do not prevent her writing a straightforward narrative. The book is illustrated with portraits of the king and those who figure largely in his life, and with views of the palaces he built and so elaborately decorated.

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*In his preface Dr. Shute says: "This little book has been written chiefly for the use of students in the medical department of the Columbian University." It is a simple introduction to the evolution theory of to-day. It is not an argument; the proof of the theory is assumed. It is a statement of facts. Beginning with a study of cells and unicellular forms, the author proceeds to discuss heredity with variation; he then examines the topics of unstable environment and transmutation of living forms, as shown by geology; natural selection is defined and amply illustrated; a special chapter is devoted to the evolution of man. In closing the author gives useful tables of classification, a list of works of reference and a glossary.

The author's style is usually clear and simple. At times he assumes knowledge which is presented later on in the most elementary way. Our chief objection to his discussion is the space given to certain metaphysical and religious questions in the chapter upon the evolution of man. This might not be out of place in a book for general readers, but is somewhat incongruous in a text-book for students. A strong point is the introduction into the text of analytical tables. Such tabulations of the matter to be discussed are of great assistance. The book will be useful not only to students, but also to the general reader. The mechanical work on the book is capital. It is illustrated with good plates, some of which are handsomely colored.

FREDERICK STARR.

Books of Poetry and Criticism.

**I was looking in "Lyrics of Brotherhood" for signs of the effect of Dr. Burton's sojourn in the West. I wondered if our prairies would delight or oppress a poet accustomed to the close-drawn landscape of Connecticut. One eastern poet I knew, beginning life anew in a western state, sickened and saddened under the oppression of horizonless distance and cloudless air spaces. But Burton betrays no evidence of wavering, certainly no weakening of power. And he has made some accessions perhaps in his sense of brotherhood. Probably he carries his own environment with him, or else is at home in every surrounding. In the new volume the same lyric note is heard as was first sounded in "Dumb in June," ringing still clearer and sweeter in "The Quest of Summer," one of the most entrancing of this collection.

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*Prof. Trent has chosen a very inopportune time in the world's history to try to impose upon the public mind the authority of criticism. As well seek to assert the authority of kingship or of ecclesiasticism. Authority is an abandoned word and where enforced betokens the survival of forces dominant in other ages, a belated feudalism, a reactionary tendency. Trent betrays the animus of his volume in requiring that an author be a gentleman, write in a gentlemanly fashion for gentlemen, in order that the best may associate with the best. That would do for the eighteenth century, but is too circumscribed for the nineteenth. The spirit of the essays is further revealed in the author's antipathy to Whitman and to "Whitmanites." Now, between Burrough's "Study of Whitman," his paper on "Criticism and the Man" (in the September "Atlantic"), and Trent's essays on Shelley and Byron, there is the difference that is measured by the terms democracy and aristocracy. The one springs from life and the reaction of literature upon character. The other rises from dogmatism, from reasoning about life. The one throws the doors of life and character open. The other withdraws into a tower and exercises a "little brief authority." There is no doubt in my mind which of these modes will prevail in the coming century.

**Geo. Gissing has described again, in "The Crown of Life," the peculiar human complications—grotesque and pathetic—that pertain to love and marriage. Gissing's choice of field is the realistic; he is frequently cynical, often offensive in his presentation of the vulgar and sordid, but never tedious. In this volume he describes many kinds of mismatement—reserving for one only the crown of life, a true love union. Some few persons have a genius for loving and are linked to others and to the universe unerringly. But the majority of mankind are default in emotional experience and are confused and uncertain when an object of love is presented for attachment. Hence countless other motives than love intrude upon the judgment and usurp the throne of choice—motives of pride, duty, place and power, sometimes of spite and despair. When thus presented, conventional marriages become grotesque, fated for tragic endings. Gissing plays with his theme, effects various combinations of personality and smiles grimly at results. Age and youth, science and sentiment, silence and loquacity are unequally yoked. Spendthrifts are tried together, only to become more spendthrift. Propriety is joined with propriety, to become more proper. The many incongruities point forward, however, to the identities, and to one man and one woman is given the crown of life.

***Nothing provokes criticism so much as criticism. Matthew Arnold, an arch-critic himself, who never forgot his duty of counting out his neighbor's peccadillos in public, probably deserves retort in his own manner. It is right he should be measured and balanced by the rules of another critic's notions. His own manner was always provocative of the retort courteous—if not more caustic rejoinder—and now at the hands of Prof. Saintsbury he "gets as good as he gave." Criticism with Mr. Saintsbury is a merry game—a right clownish and acrobatic performance. He is nice at balancing, deft at juggling, expert at turnings in the air. Mr. Saintsbury seems to be aware, too, of

*"A First Book in Organic Evolution." By D. Kerfoot Shute. Chicago: The Open Court Company. 1899. 16mo, pp. xvi:285. $2.

**"Lyrics of Brotherhood." By Richard Burton. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

*"The Authority of Criticism." By Wm. P. Trent. Scribner's Sons. N. Y.

**"The Crown of Life." By Geo. Gissing. Frederick A. Stokes Co., N. Y.

***"Matthew Arnold." By George Saintsbury. Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y.

his rather humorous profession, for he never tires of quips and cranks and gentle eccentricities of style and manner. But then, again, he is so grave, has an air of omniscience, knows to a nicety when a poem loses its quality and detects the very period in a man's life when he divagates in a wilderness and brings back Dead Sea fruit. How does Mr. Saintsbury know these things—that "The Scholar Gipsey" is "correct but colorless," the Shakespeare sonnet "almost adequate," that the "Forsaken Merman" is "not a perfect poem," that "Tristan and Isolde" has "few good patches," that "Empedocles" is "a failure," that "Despondency" is a "pretty piece of melancholy," that "Merope" is " queen of plaster," that for twenty years of his life Mr. Arnold wandered in a wilderness and yielded no fruit? Is this the help promised in the preface "to help the reader who wants criticism?" This is no help at all—this parade of the "judgment of the competent." It is life at three removes—this criticism of criticism and review of reviews, with no other guide that "phrase, attitude, style, the appreciation of literary beauty in and for itself, the sense of the word, the power of discerning and reflecting charm"—which is said to describe the new critical attitude. Frankly, then, I do not like this new critical attitude, if it only ends in quarrel and reprimand. I recall those lines of Emerson:

"Life is too short to waste
In critic peep or cynic bark.
Quarrel or reprimand,
'Twill soon be dark;
Up! Mind thine own aim, and
God speed the mark!"

So see how the matter concludes—I started to make some remarks concerning Arnold in his main poetic note, his half melancholy contemplation of life, and am not yet done with Saintsbury. This is perhaps the effect of the "critical attitude." And yet this volume, after all, is the criticism of Mr. Saintsbury by himself. Next time I wish to learn of Arnold I will turn to that fine and appreciative interpretation of him by Mr. Lewis E. Gates.

OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS.

Young April.*

All those who read "The Pride of Jernnico" will welcome another novel from the same hand, for that was one of the daintiest romances we have had in recent years, "The Prisoner of Zenda" not a whit behind. "Young April," like that and "The Pride of Jernnico" is so defiant of all probabilities that we make no account of any outrage they may suffer. The whole book is written, as it were, out of time and space. It is the story of one month's life in the springtime of youth and joy. The plot is sufficiently interesting, the adventures entertaining; but it is not for these we care so much as for the sentiment of delicate romance that breathes from every page. We are invested in an atmosphere which is full of the enchantment of youth and beauty and love. No one will be any wiser for reading it, nor any better, but if eyes were made for seeing the book is its own excuse for being. It secures for us a few hours of simple and unique delight. In some respects the book is better written than "The Pride of Jernnico," but we find no passage in it equal to the lover's ride in that; though here, too, there is a ride which is an attractive feature of the book.

J. W. C

*"Young April." By Egerton Castle, author of "The Pride of Jernnico." New. The Macmillan Company, 1899

New Testament Handbooks.

The Macmillan Company are publishing a series of volumes, the initial number of which is Prof. Marvin R. Vincent's "History of the Textual Criticism of the New Testament." It is an admirable book of 218 pages. Every minister should have it in his hands. It would seem impossible that any of the hard and fast theories of inspiration could survive its reading. The most interesting feature is the idolatrous regard for "The Received Text" of 1633, hardly less absurd than the opinion of Dr. Talmage that the King James translation is the infallible Bible and that the original Greek and Hebrew are miserable corruptions of its text. There is, however, no important aspect of the matter that is left untouched.

In the same series we have Prof. Shailer Matthews' "History of New Testament Times in Palestine," excellent in the main, but falling away into conventional irrationality when he comes to a chapter on "The Messianic Hope and Jesus the Messiah." To touch the hem of Jesus' garment in these matters seems to paralyze the mind of many critics in much the same way as touching an electrical eel paralyzes men's bodies. As if there had never been a doubt on this point, we are told that he was born in Bethlehem (6-7 B. C.). His Messianic consciousness is dated from his baptism. Nothing could be more criminally uncritical than the statement that "hundreds maintained that they saw Jesus again, no longer dead, but living gloriously." This is expansion somewhat after the manner of Gen. Lew Wallace in "Ben Hur," and more appropriate to a historical fiction than to a critical exposition.

J. W. C.

New Magazines.

The Macmillan Company announces the appearance of a most important new magazine of cotemporary thought, to be known as "The International Monthly." The magazine will be divided into departments, as follows: History, Philosophy, Psychology, Sociology, Comparative Religion, Literature, Fine Art, Industrial Art, Physics, Biology, Medicine, Hygiene, Geology, Geography. Each department will be in the hand of a special committee, which will generally have representatives in France, England, Germany and America. Frederick A. Richardson will have charge of the editorial management. Among the names on the advisory board are some of the best-known thinkers in these countries. The department of comparative religions is in the hands of C. H. Toy, Harvard University; Jean Réville, College of France; F. B. Jevons, University of Durham; C. P. Tiele, University of Leiden; Ths. Achelis, Bremen.

"The Journal of Theological Studies" offered its first number in October. This is published by the Macmillan House of London and is under the editorial charge of C. H. Turner of Magdalene College, Oxford. The table of contents, as well as the committee of direction, would indicate that this magazine will help to bring theology down to date and to keep it up with the times. The opening word says that the magazine is to be "a regular organ of communication between students whose lives are spent at the university and elsewhere in the pursuit of scientific theology." UNITY welcomes both these journals and will try to keep within speaking distance of them as they come.

Why Men Do Not Go to Church.—Rev. Cortland Myers, in his little book entitled "Why Men Do Not Go to Church," published by Funk & Wagnalls, is trying to solve the problem upon which many able minds are working to-day. The book has three divisions; first, The faults of the church; second, The faults of the man, and third, The faults of society. Mr. Myers seems to find much more to condemn in the church than in either of the other factors in the case, as more than half his pages are given to this division of the subject.

L. T. F.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The secret of solitude is that there is no solitude.
MON.—Conscience emphasizes the word ought.
TUES.—God is in the word ought, and therefore it outweighs all but God.
WED.—It is no more possible to prevent thought from reverting to an ideal than the sea from returning to the shore.
THURS.—God heaves the soul like the ocean.
FRI.—No man knows what conscience is until he understands what solitude can teach him concerning it.
SAT.—The sense of duty pursues us ever.

—*Joseph Cook.*

To Ruth.

When first you came to us, dear little daughter,
A tiny, dimpled, rosy mite,
Almost too small to safely kiss or fondle,
A helpless, new-born, stranger wight,
You seemed to us a most entrancing creature,
In form and feature perfect quite.

And when you older grew, and cooed and gurgled,
Became each day more fair and sweet,
You were so white and pure, so cheerful, loving,
So quick and bright, so dainty neat,
That all a baby's many charms and graces
We found in your wee self complete.

Oh how we loved you then, our dainty darling,
And longed, from dangers manifold,
To shelter you adown life's fitful journey.
I wonder do you need be told
We love you just as well, perchance e'en better,
Now, dearie, when you're twelve years old.

—GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP.

The Wise Spider.

Four spiders journeyed together to learn something about the world. On their trip they came to a beautiful church in a Christian city. Here they liked it so well that they decided to take a rest, and each one looked for a suitable place to put up her web. After some days they came together to tell one another of their experiences.

"I fared badly," said the first spider. "I wove my net in a corner of the pulpit. Yesterday the sexton came with a feather duster and swept it away."

"I fared no better," said the second spider. "I hung my net on a large book on the altar, but a man with a long, black gown on came and destroyed my work."

"The same thing happened to me," said the third. "I spun my net over the baptismal font. Yesterday a child was baptized, and my net was torn."

"I was wiser than you all," said the fourth. "I put mine over the opening of the contribution box. Many people passed by, but none deigned even to look at my work. It is still intact, and you can depend on it it will remain thus a long time yet."—*The Presbyterian.*

Dan and Dicky.

My little boy, Dicky, was very fond of our horse, Dan, and often played around him in the barn. As soon as Dicky could climb into the buggy, he wanted to go out with me on my rounds. And by the time he was four years old he went with me so often that I called him "my little buggy boy." One day I had left him in the buggy as usual while I went in to see a patient. The lady's chamber overlooked the street, and while I was speaking to her in the back part of the room her husband happened to be standing at a window.

"That's a fine horse of yours, doctor," he said, "but isn't he rather a spirited animal to leave in the charge of such a little chap?"

I answered: "Dan and Dicky are great chums; they understand each other perfectly; he responds to the baby's slightest word. Indeed, I have fancied sometimes that in some strange way the horse knows when the child is behind him and conducts himself with special decorum accordingly."

Then I turned again to my patient. As I finished writing my prescription I chanced to look up just in time to see Mr. Mason turn deathly pale and hear a smothered "Good heavens!" break from his lips.

In an instant I was beside him at the window.

Exactly in a line with where my buggy stood I saw two maddened horses tearing down the roadway, dragging a great, swaying wagon behind them. I stood rooted to the spot. I could not have moved if my life had depended on it. As the noise increased I saw Dan turn his head inquiringly. Then, as if instantly taking in the situation at a glance, he stepped quickly, but with no appearance of alarm, upon the sidewalk, drawing up the buggy after him, and as the terrified animals tore by the heavy wheels of the wagon grazed the curbstone. As soon as the danger was over Dan returned to his former position as quietly as though nothing unusual had occurred. The whole thing was over so quickly that Dicky had not even time to be frightened, but met me with a smile when I rushed headlong down the steps to clasp him in my arms in a perfect transport of relief.—*Our Animal Friends.*

When I Was Seven.

When I was seven, the world to me
Was like a realm enchanted,
My thoughts by day and dreams by night
By fairy visions haunted.
And yet no fairy tale I knew,
Nor fairy book had e'er read through.

No sister's lips e'er pressed my own,
No brother clasped my hand;
And still no happier child than I
E'er walked throughout the land.
Or chased the butterflies that hover
Like blossoms o'er the scented clover.

For me the world was all a-tune
With songs of birds and sweetness
That fell from countless birds and flowers,
In fairyland completeness.
And a friend to everything was I.
That walked or ran or fluttered by.

There seemed for me no toil or care,
But only joy and pleasure,
Pressed down within my tiny cup
In overflowing measure.
And life for me was simply heaven
In that glad time when I was seven.

—*Every Other Sunday.*

Mother at Prayer.

"Once," says a writer, "I suddenly opened the door of my mother's room and saw her on her knees beside her chair, and heard her speak my name in prayer. I quickly and quietly withdrew with a feeling of awe and reverence in my heart. Soon I went away from home to school, then to college, then into life's sterner duties. But I never forgot that one glimpse of my mother at prayer, nor the one word—my own name—which I heard her utter. Well did I know that what I had seen that day was but a glimpse of what was going on every day in that sacred closet of prayer, and the consciousness strengthened me a thousand times in duty, in danger, and in struggle."

"Via Crucis" is in its thirty-fifth thousand. It has been published just thirty-four days.

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Bertha Byrnes, wife of Rev. Thomas P. Byrnes, pastor of the Unitarian Church in Geneseo, Ill., died December 4, 1899.

In this unexpected bereavement the society feels deep sorrow and tender sympathy for the husband and children. Mrs. Byrnes was worthy of the highest esteem and had endeared herself to the whole community by her kindly faithfulness to her duties in the home and the church. Refinement and culture gave her a gracious power of helpfulness in the church. On occasion she acceptably filled Mr. Byrnes' place in the pulpit services, and by her wise, genial, womanly counsel greatly assisted him in his successful ministry.

Funeral services were held at the parsonage December 7. Rev. M. J. Miller officiated, assisted by Rev. Baker of Sheffield and Rev. Judy of Davenport. According to the request of Mrs. Byrnes her body was cremated at the Davenport Crematorium. M.

Albany, N. Y.—The Unitarian Society in this city is rejoicing over a new church building which was recently dedicated, Charles Dole of Boston preaching the sermon, on "Religion and Public Spirit," the man for the subject. This is a church whose motto is the open door and whose work is of a prophetic kind. We send our greetings to the good workers at Albany.

Manhattan, Kan.—The Rev. Duren J. H. Ward, whose name was quite familiar to the readers of UNITY some years ago, is engaged in a most unique work at this western point. Leaflets entitled "Sermons from History and Science" are privately printed for distribution among his Sunday classes. These leaflets represent the advanced thinking on the great questions of life and duty.

Helena, Mont.—The Unitarian Society at this place recently celebrated its eighth anniversary. There were reports, a collation and toasting upon topics ranging from "Adam's Fall" to "The Law and the Gospel." The following anniversary hymn was written for the occasion by the pastor, Carlton F. Brown:

O Light! which ancient seers saw,
O Voice! which early prophets heard,
In bloom of flower and cosmic law
We read Thy ever-living word.

The shores of Time we traverse far,
Across the gulf of Space we call,—
Yet shines thy ray from further star—
We may know more, but never all.

Yet each new truth which science gains
Brings clearer shining of that ray
Man's faith in God unchanged remains
Though creed and rite be swept away.

No more we seek where God has been,
Nor turn our steps to far-off shrine;
Still speaks the angel-voice within;
Each heart finds there its Palestine.

May life grow richer year by year;
Our hearts grow brave, our minds more free;
So shall we find mankind more dear,
And, loving all, through all love Thee.

Small, Maynard & Co., publishers, 6 Beacon street, Boston

"In Case of Need These May Come Handy." A book of pictorial versified admonitions. By Ralph Bergengren. $1.25.

"Alphabet of Celebrities," by Oliver Herford.

"Child Verse." Poems grave and gay, by John B. Tabb. $1.

"A Winter Holiday," by Bliss Carman. 75 cents.

"The New Humanism." Studies in personal and social development. By Edward Howard Griggs.

"The Light-Bearer of Liberty," by J. V. Scholl. Eastern Publishing Company, 61 Court street, Boston.

The Washerwoman's Song.

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap,
Worked a woman full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone:
"With the Savior for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes happening along
I had heard the semi-song,
And I often used to smile,
More in sympathy than guile;
But I never said a word
In regard to what I heard,
As she sang about her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow or in glee,
Working all day long was she,
As her children, three or four,
Played around her on the floor;
But in monotones the song
She was humming all day long:
"With the Savior for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

It's a song I do not sing,
For I scarce believe a thing
Of the stories that are told
Of the miracles of old;
But I know that her belief
Is the anodyne of grief,
And will always be a friend
That will keep her to the end.

Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as poor could be;
But her spirits always rose,
Like the bubbles in the clothes,
And, though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone,
Of a Savior and a friend
Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub,
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby slopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds;
Or was paddling in the pools,
With old scissors stuck in spools;
She still humming of her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs;
And I should not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that she can bring;
For the woman has a friend
Who will keep her to the end.

Ironquill.

Victory for the Dog.

This has been a great week for Ohio dogs. The decision of Judge Smith in the case of M. H. Fagin against the Humane Society was a sweeping declaration of independence for the dog as a creature of some value and rights in the law. Hitherto a private corporation has been in the habit of seizing dogs without the sanction of any court. This is now declared unconstitutional, as dogs are animals of value and entitled to the same consideration as swine, geese, chickens and other live stock.—"Cincinnati Times-Star," March 8 and 10, 1898.

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From June 1, 1899, to December 1, 1899 (Sixth Year).

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Rev. J. H. Crooker, Ann Arbor, Mich	2.00	$207.00
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Special Subscriptions (continued):		
Rev. Harry Levi, Wheeling, W. Va	2.50	
		$ 2.50
Subscriptions from Societies:		
Woman's Society, Isaiah Temple, Chicago	$ 10.00	
Jewish Congregation, Indianapolis, Ind	16.01	
All Souls Church, Chicago	200.00	
The Temple, Cleveland, O	25.00	
Temple Beth El, Detroit, Mich	10.00	
		261.01
Sale Omaha Congress Reports		1.70
Total receipts		$1,054.50

EXPENSES.

Postage		$ 15.05
Printing		8.50
Clerk's salary (from April 1 to September 1, 1899)		333.35
Telegrams		2.89
On Unity fund of $1,200 pledged at Omaha Congress (from February 15 to July 15, 1899)		500.00
Scales		2.00
Postal cards		1.26
Express		.25
Expenses of Local Centers:		
Rev. John Faville, Peoria, Ill	$ 6.00	
Mrs. J. W. Greenleaf, Hillside, Wis	4.05	
Alvin Joiner, Polo, Ill	5.00	
Rev. Leo Franklin, Detroit, Mich	10.00	
Rev. G. R. Pike, Chicago	5.00	
		30.05
Total expenses		$ 893.35
Balance on hand		$161.15

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